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LATE EDITORIAL.

THE APPORTIONMENT.

"The *Bulletin's* charge that Supt. Cluff had unlawfully apportioned the school money in Graham remains unanswered."—*Bulletin*

Evidently the *Bulletin* expects the GUARDIAN to answer its charges against Supt. Cluff. We are not championing the 'cause of Geo. Cluff in this matter because we do not believe he needs it. But we do know that the editor of the *Bulletin* has no use whatever for Supt. Cluff, hence the numerous attacks on him in that sheet. In an other article the *Bulletin* says: "It is reported that the legal question of the apportionment of school money in Graham county is to be settled in the courts, one of the small districts to ask the court to mandamus the Superintendent into a compliance with the law."

There is no doubt but that it will be brought into court if the *Bulletin* can possibly make the districts believe that they ought to spend a large portion of their money in the courts instead of in the school in the education of the children.

In another article of the same issue the *Bulletin* further says: 'Supt. Netherton when in Solomonville last week called at the *Bulletin* office and the subject of the school fund apportionment law was discussed. Mr. Netherton stated that on carefully reading the law he was of the opinion that $500 should first go to each district having a census population of 20 and over before any money could be apportioned to the districts on the basis of actual attendance. This may not be his exact language, but he agrees that the *Bulletin* was probably correct in its interpretation of the law."

Supt. Netherton has probably given this subject more careful study than any other man in Arizona, and two weeks ago last Wednesday night he gave his views very clearly on the subject to a large audiance and his views coincided exactly with the manner in which the money in this county has been apportioned. We do not believe that Supt. Netherton would give his views on the subject to several hundred people and the next day admit that he was wrong in his opinion on account of not having carefully read the law before. Not only this, but Supt. Netherton also stated tothe editoa of the GUARDIAN on more than one occasion that he believed Supt. Cluff had apportioned the money according to the meaning of the law. He also stated that the money had been apportioned in Maricopa and other counties the same as it has been in Graham county. It seems strange that if this view is not the correct one that no objection has been raised in those counties. The *Bulletin* admits that the language quoted above "may not be his exact language." We do not hesitate to say that it was not his exact language nor did he infer what that language conveys either, as we believe he had thoroughly made up his mind as to the meaning of the law before he came to Graham county.

AN additional judgeship for Arizona is one of the measures demanding the attention of Oaks Murphy duri g the present session of Congress' says the Phenix *Gazette.*

EARLY EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS.

An Address Delivered Before the Teachers Institute of Graham County, By John McGowan.

Until about two hundred and fifty years ago the system of education in vogue throughout the civilized world was the same as that which obtains in China and other parts of the far east to this day.

That system consists in committing to memory dates, words and even long extracts from writings, and then reciting them, word for word, without any referance to the meaning much less to the nature and relation of the things mentioned. It is clear that such exercises develop the memory only to the hurtful neglect of all the other mental faculties without question or doubt. The motto now is, "weigh and consider, then say, in your own words, whether you deem the matter true or false, right or wrong." At present we ask not only, is it true? But more emphatically, is it right? Can I do this act, pursue this line of conduct with credit to myself, with justice to my neighbor and my country? We also believe now that a sound strong body is indispensible to a happy useful life. Therefore the ideal education requires the harmonions development of the physical, mental and moral faculties.

It appears then if foregoing sketch is true, that the past few centuries have seen a radical change wrought in science and art of education. And this morning I purpose to mention a few of the most distinguished captains and pioneers of the grand army of educational reformers and also of the good seed that each scattered, or nurtured up to the present abundant harvest.

It is agreed on all hands that Francis Bacon, commonly known as Lord Bacon, was the first constructive educational reformer, the father of the New Education. Mere destructionists like Rabelais, preceded Bacon, but they sought only to scuttle the ancient hulk, without offering any thing better in its stead. Bacon also condemned the old bottom, but he at once showed men how to build a ship that would safely carry them through the tempests and fogs of controversy, sophistry, cupidily and superstition into the haven of truth. Francis Bacon was born in London in 1561, and died there in 1626. He thus lived in the Elizabethan age, a period distinguished above all other periods of English history for famous authors who wrote immortal works. For it was in that period that William Shakespeare wrote Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello and his other great dramas; that Edmund Spencer wrote the Farey Queen; that Ben Johnson and Beaumont and Fletcher lined and wrote. During that time Sir Walter Raleigh, himself a brilliant wit and writer, sent colonies to what is now our south eastern states, and named Virginia in honor of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen of England.

Bacon was a precocious child and apt pupil. He entered the university of Cambridge at the age of twelve; but being dissatisfied with the method and subjects pursued there he stayed only three years and afterward taught himself, excepting only what instructions he got at the court which he attended.

Bacon was one of the profoundest lawyers that has ever lived, a great orator and masterly essayist on a vast variety of subjects, familiar and obstruse. But he was most distinguished as a philosopher. He never taught school, but in his writings he showed how men may best teach themselves—how the race has acquired its stock of real knowledge, that is by actual experience. Of course he was not satisfied with casual haphazard experience, this does not go far enough, he wanted careful, exhaustive observation and experiment; classifying or grouping together things of the same kind, and then marking the things by a suitable label, that is a common name or noun. He said this is the way to deal with new subjects and he required that every opinion held by men be subjected to the most exhaustive analysis and comparison. He says: "When a man has once made over its judgment to others keeping, and agreed to support opinions without first ascertaining whether such opinions square with facts, from that time he is the docile follower of the blind, or the dupe of selfish cunning."

All this is quite common now, but it was unknown till Bacon wrote. For several hundred years before Bacon's time, the scholars of Europe, denned up in monasteries, cathedrals and schools, had almost wholly forgotten the need of testing their opinions by an appeal to nature and facts. They taught that whatever we can think of as existing does exist. Whoever has read "Gulliver's Travels" will admit that we easily think of men four to six inches tall, and others seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet in height, but observation proves that neither race has ever lived on this planet. But Bacon with his universal genius and attainments was too busy to have time or desire to interest himself in bringing knowledge to every man's door. The work of disseminating and popularizing Bacon's ideas an philosophy was begun on the continent a short time before Bacon died. by Comenius.

To be continued.

CYCLING THE GLOBE.

The Feat of Riding Around the World on a Bicycle.

How It Is Performed These Days by Wheeling Enchusiasts—Hair Raising Stories Told by the Heroes.

A traveler just back from Japan says that the passengers on the Pacific Mail and Canadian Pacific steamships get much amusement from seeing the marvelous exploits of the daring men and women who are now making their perilous ways around the world on bicycles in great numbers. Every ship takes several of these heroes and heroines. On the way to Asia the passengers do not know the heroes, or even suspect them. As the wheels are stored in the cabin baggage rooms, it is impossible for the rest of the passengers, looking on at a pallid boy who turns ill at the smell of a cigar or a girl who lies next to death's door in her stateroom, to dream that these are the people who are going to write home to the papers that they have been chased by Persian bandits and lunched with Kaffir kings as they annihilated Puck's record round the globe. When the ship stops at Yokohama out come the wheels, and the heroes ride the full length of the Bund—a commercial street about a mile long. The rest of Yokohama is on a hill too steep for wheeling. At Kobe and Nagasaki the town sites are more nearly level and the heroes ride perhaps two miles, having their wheels lifted back aboard the steamer as she voyages from place to place. Having done Japan by going ashore at three points, they forge fearlessly ahead on the steamship, yearning to brave the terrors of China on their flying tires.

China they discover to be one of the finest fields for this phase of reckless deviltry in all the world. The ship takes them to Shanghai, where the Bund is nearly two miles long and all lined with churches, clubs, banks and brokers' and shipping offices—as safe and occidental as Broadway. They hear that they can ride five miles on the Maloo and the Bubbling Well road before they come to the muddy towpaths that form the actual roads of that part of China, along which no wheelman can ride. With their hearts in their throats, fancying every poor devil of a coolie they meet to be a murderer fresh from sacking a missionary's house, they pedal onward. When they come to the tea gardens, whose gateways swarm with Chinese, they all but faint, and could the Chinese dandies and courtesans at these gates read what the bicyclists afterward report of their experiences at the time they would find themselves described as an undisciplined mob of soldiers and lawless retainers in front of a mandarin's palace, with this additional statement: "They scowled so fiercely and made such threatening gestures that only the swiftness of my wheel prevented another massacre being added to the list of crimes against foreigners in China."

Back to the ship the wheeling hero flies and writes notes of his hairbreadth escapes in central China until the vessel passes Woosungg and begins to rock him back into seasickness. Hong Kong is the next place at which the bicycle is taken out—a British possession no more to be regarded as dangerous for a foreign lady of the most timid temperament to walk about alone in than is the European republic of Shanghai or the haunt of mountain desperadoes in New Jersey called Tuxedo. So the journey around the world continues—aboard ship with the historic wheel safe in the baggage room and only an occasional chance occurring to take it out in places like Singapore, Aden, Port Said, Alexandria and the rest of the desperate lurking places of European merchants on the way to Europe. Terrible moments are experienced and recorded on the way. For instance, on the Red sea notes are kept of the ferocious character of the inhabitants of the dark continent. On the Mediterranean the ship passes Greece, with its pirates, and Italy, with its banditti, each of which savage and relentless bodies of people is worked into the wheelman's or wheelgirl's diary in such an effective way as to almost make the diarist turn pale as he or she reads over what has been written.

Finally comes Southampton, or Liverpool, or Havre, and there the now world-famous wheel makes its last spin—so that its owner can truthfully say it has "done Europe"—before being hoisted aboard a steamer homeward bound for New York.—N. Y. Sun.

Fondness of Mice for Music.

A nice little animal story is given in this month's Nature Notes, which raises the interesting question whether mice have a fondness for music. It is contributed by a musician, who says: "One evening I was somewhat startled at hearing my piano suddenly giving forth sweet sounds, apparently of its own accord. A mouse, so it proved, had got inside the instrument, and was making music on the wires. Whether this was intentional on mousie's part or not I cannot say; perhaps he was trying to make a nest for himself there. Some years ago, however, while a piano was being played in the dining-room of my old home, several mice came out upon the hearthrug and began to jump about, apparently with delight at the sound of the music, and one was either so absorbed or overcome by it that he allowed himself to be carried away in a tongs by the housemaid." After this, ladies ought to lose their antipathy to mice: indeed, we may soon expect some humanitarian dame to commence musical parties for their delectation. It would be amusing to see them dance, and would form a really humane method of catching them.—London News.

—Briggs—"I see you are calling on the daughter of the head of your firm now." Griggs—"Yes, she is the only girl I know of whose father has to work nights."—Harlem Life.

IN the Trans-Mississippi Congress recently held at Omaha, Nebraska, free silver at 16 to1 carried the day by a voce of 128 for it and but 50 against.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"They say that Cholly has lost his mind." "Is that so? Does he know it?"—Boston Courier.

—"He said I was his life's sunshine." "I guess you will find that all moonshine."—Boston Courier.

—Prisoner—"What, that man is going to defend me? Why, he couldn't bring an innocent person through!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"Tell me, guide, why so few people ascend that magnificent mountain." "Because no has ever fallen off it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"Well met, colonel!" "I'm not a colonel, sir!" "Pardon me! I was under the impression you had been in Georgia six weeks!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—Her Choice.—"What kind of a tie do you admire most?" he asked as he made his regular call. "The marriage tie," she answered truthfully, and without hesitation.—Detroit Free Press.

—Hoax—"You worked your way through college, didn't you?" Joax—"Right." Hoax—"What did you work at?" Joax—"The other students principally."—Philadelphia Record.

—Slobbs—"Jenkins told me Miss Beaconstreet was an old flame of yours." Blobbs—"An old flame? Impossible!" "Why impossible?" "She's from Boston."—Philadelphia Record.

—A—"When I see you I always think of the proverb: To whom God gives an office, to him he gives understanding." B—"But I have no office!" A—"Well, don't you see how that fits?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Mr. Spinks—"Well, Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me?" Willie—"Yep. She's made up her mind and she's makin' up her face now. She'll be down in a minute."—Great Divide.

—Miss Kostique—"Do you know when I see you looking so happy it reminds me of what a great poet once said." Cholly Saphead—"Indeed! Pway, what was it?" Miss K.—"Where ignorance is bliss."—Philadelphia Record.

—He—"I have never loved but once in all my life." She—"What?" He—"Fact, I assure you. It has somehow always happened that I never was quite free from the one girl by the time the next one came along."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Confident of It.—Lady of the House—"I should think you would be afraid to come around in the back yard. I notice you didn't do it last week on account of our big dog." Tramp—"No'm. But I knew that dog wasn't here any more." Lady of the House—"How do you know it?" Tramp—"I let him have that piece of pie you gave me."—Detroit Free Press.